# POEMS,

BY

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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# ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poem is formed on a very ſingular and ſublime idea. A young gentleman, poſſeſſed of an uncommon genius for drawing, on viſiting the Tower of London, paſſing one door of a ſingular conſtruction, aſked what apartment it led to, and expreſſed a deſire to have it opened. The perſon who ſhewed the place ſhook his head, and anſwered, "Heaven knows what is within that door—it has been ſhut for ages."—This anſwer made ſmall impreſſion on the other hearers, but a very deep one on the imagination of this youth.

# ADVERTISEMENT.

Gracious Heaven! an apartment ſhut up for ages—and in the Tower!

" Ye Towers of Julius! London's laſting ſhame,
" By many a foul and midnight murder fed."

Genius builds on a ſlight foundation, and rears beautiful ſtructures on " the baſeleſs fabric of a vi-" ſion." The above tranſient hint dwelt on the young man's fancy, and conjured into his memory all the murders which hiſtory records to have been committed in the Tower; Henry the Sixth, the Duke of Clarence, the two young princes, ſons of Edward the Fourth, Sir Thomas Overbury, &c. He ſuppoſes all their ghoſts aſſembled in this unexplored apartment, and to theſe his fertile imagination has added ſeveral others. One of the ſpectres raiſes

raiſes an immenſe pall of black velvet, and diſcovers the remains of a murdered royal family, whoſe ſtory is loſt in the lapſe of time.—The gloomy wildneſs of theſe images ſtruck my imagination ſo forcibly, that endeavouring to catch the fire of the youth's pencil, this Fragment was produced.

# PART

OF AN

# IRREGULAR FRAGMENT.

# PART

OF AN

# IRREGULAR FRAGMENT.

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## I.

RISE, winds of night! relentleſs tempeſts riſe!
Ruſh from the troubled clouds, and o'er me roll;
In this chill pauſe a deeper horror lies,
A wilder fear appals my ſhudd'ring ſoul.—

'Twas on this day*, this hour accurſt,
That Nature ſtarting from repoſe
Heard the dire ſhrieks of murder burſt—
From infant innocence they roſe,
And ſhook theſe ſolemn towers!
I ſhudd'ring paſs that fatal room
For ages wrapt in central gloom;—
I ſhudd'ring paſs that iron door
Which Fate perchance unlocks no more;
Death, ſmear'd with blood, o'er the dark portal lowers.

II.

How fearfully my ſtep reſounds
Along theſe lonely bounds:—

* The anniverſary of the murder of Edward the Fifth, and his brother Richard, Duke of York.

Spare, ſavage blaſt! the taper's quiv'ring fires,
Deep in theſe gath'ring ſhades its flame expires.
Ye hoſt of heaven! the door recedes—
It mocks my graſp—what unſeen hands
Have burſt its iron bands?
No mortal force this gate unbarr'd
Where danger lives, which terrors guard—
Dread powers! its ſcreaming hinges cloſe
On this dire ſcene of impious deeds—
My feet are fix'd!—Diſmay has bound
My ſtep on this polluted ground—
But lo! the pitying moon, a line of light
Athwart the horrid darkneſs dimly throws,
And from yon grated window chaſes night.—

III.

Ye viſions that before me roll,
That freeze my blood, that ſhake my ſoul!
Are ye the phantoms of a dream?
Pale ſpectres! are ye what ye ſeem?
They glide more near—
Their forms unfold!
Fix'd are their eyes, on me they bend—
Their glaring look is cold!
And hark!—I hear
Sounds that the throbbing pulſe of life ſuſpend.

IV.

" No wild illuſion cheats thy ſight
" With ſhapes that only live in night—

Mark

" Mark the native glories ſpread
" Around my bleeding brow!
" The crown of Albion wreath'd my head,
" And Gallia's lilies * twin'd below—
" When my father ſhook his ſpear,
" When his banner ſought the ſkies,
" Her baffled hoſt recoil'd with fear,
" Nor turn'd their ſhrinking eyes:—
" Soon as the daring eagle ſprings
" To baſk in heav'n's empyreal light,
" The vultures ply their baleful wings,
" A cloud of deep'ning colour marks their
" flight,
" Staining the golden day:—

* Henry the Sixth, crowned when an infant, at Paris.

" But ſee! amid the rav'nous brood
" A bird of fiercer aſpect ſoar—
" The ſpirits of a rival race *,
" Hang on the noxious blaſt, and trace,
" With gloomy joy his deſtin'd prey;
" Inflame th' ambitious wiſh that thirſts for
" blood,
" And plunge his talons deep in kindred gore.

V.

" View the ſtern form that hovers nigh,
" Fierce rolls his dauntleſs eye
" In ſcorn of hideous death;

* Richard the Third, by murdering ſo many near relations, ſeemed to revenge the ſufferings of Henry the Sixth, and his family, on the Houſe of York.

" Till

" Till ſtarting at a brother's * name,
" Horror ſhrinks his glowing frame,
" Locks the half-utter'd groan,
" And chills the parting breath :—
" Aſtoniſh'd Nature heav'd a moan!
" When her affrighted eye beheld the hands
" She form'd to cheriſh, rend her holy bands.

VI.

" Look where a royal infant † kneels,
" Shrieking, and agoniz'd with fear,
" He ſees the dagger pointed near
" A much-lov'd brother's ‡ breaſt,
" And tells an abſent mother all he feels :—

* Richard the Third, who murdered his brother the Duke of Clarence.

† Richard Duke of York. ‡ Edward the Fifth.

" His eager eye he caſts around ;
" Where ſhall her guardian form be found,
" On which his eager eye would reſt!
" On her he calls in accents wild,
" And wonders why her ſtep is ſlow
" To ſave her ſuff'ring child!—
" Rob'd in the regal garb, his brother ſtands
" In more majeſtic woe—
" And meets the impious ſtroke with boſom bare,
" Then fearleſs graſps the murd'rer's hands,
" And aſks the miniſter of hell to ſpare
" The child whoſe feeble arms ſuſtain
" His bleeding form from cruel Death.—
" In vain fraternal fondneſs pleads
" For cold is now his livid cheek,
" And cold his laſt, expiring breath :

" And

" And now with aſpect meek,
" The infant lifts his mournful eye,
" And aſks with trembling voice, to die,
" If death will cure his heaving heart of pain—
" His heaving heart now bleeds—
" Foul tyrant! o'er the gilded hour
" That beams with all the blaze of power,
" Remorſe ſhall ſpread her thickeſt ſhroud;
" The furies in thy tortur'd ear
" Shall howl, with curſes deep, and loud,
" And wake diſtracting fear!
" I ſee the ghaſtly ſpectre riſe,
" Whoſe blood is cold, whoſe hollow eyes
" Seem from his head to ſtart——
" With upright hair, and ſhiv'ring heart,

" Dark o'er thy midnight couch he bends,
" And claſps thy ſhrinking frame, thy impious
" ſpirit rends."

VII.

Now his thrilling accents die—
His ſhape eludes my ſearching eye—
But who is he *, convuls'd with pain,
That writhes in every ſwelling vein?
Yet in ſo deep, ſo wild a groan,
A ſharper anguiſh ſeems to live
Than life's expiring pang can give:—
He dies deſerted, and alone—
If pity can allay thy woes
Sad ſpirit they ſhall find repoſe—

* Sir Thomas Overbury, poiſoned in the Tower by Somerſet.

Thy

Thy friend, thy long-lov'd friend is near!
He comes to pour the parting tear,
He comes to catch the parting breath—
Ah heaven! no melting look he wears,
His alter'd eye with vengeance glares;
Each frantic paſſion at his ſoul,
'Tis he has daſh'd that venom'd bowl
With agony, and death.

VIII.

But whence aroſe that ſolemn call?
Yon bloody phantom waves his hand,
And beckons me to deeper gloom—
Reſt, troubled form! I come—
Some unknown power my ſtep impels
To horror's ſecret cells—

" For

" For thee I raiſe this ſable pall,
" It ſhrouds a ghaſtly band:
" Stretch'd beneath, thy eye ſhall trace
" A mangled regal race:
" A thouſand ſuns have roll'd, ſince light
" Ruſh'd on their ſolid night—
" See, o'er that tender frame grim famine hangs,
" And mocks a mother's pangs!
" The laſt, laſt drop which warm'd her veins
" That meagre infant drains—
" Then gnaws her fond, ſuſtaining breaſt—
" Stretch'd on her feeble knees, behold
" Another victim ſinks to laſting reſt—
" Another, yet her matron arms would fold
" Who ſtrives to reach her matron arms in
" vain—

" Too

" Too weak her waſted form to raiſe,
" On him ſhe bends her eager gaze;
" She ſees the ſoft imploring eye
" That aſks her dear embrace, the cure of pain—
" She ſees her child at diſtance die—
" But now her ſtedfaſt heart can bear
" Unmov'd, the preſſure of deſpair—
" When firſt the winds of winter urge their courſe
" O'er the pure ſtream, whoſe current ſmoothly
" glides,
" The heaving river ſwells its troubled tides;
" But when the bitter blaſt with keener force,
" O'er the high wave an icy fetter throws,
" The harden'd wave is fix'd in dead repoſe."—

" Say

IX.

" Say who that hoary form? alone he ſtands,
" And meekly lifts his wither'd hands—
" His white beard ſtreams with blood—
" I ſee him with a ſmile, deride
" The wounds that pierce his ſhrivel'd ſide,
" Whence flows a purple flood—
" But ſudden pangs his boſom tear—
" On one big drop, of deeper dye,
" I ſee him fix his haggard eye
" In dark, and wild deſpair!
" That ſanguine drop which wakes his woe—
" Say, ſpirit! whence its ſource."—
" Aſk no more its ſource to know—
" Ne'er ſhall mortal eye explore
" Whence flow'd that drop of human gore,

" Till

" Till the ſtarting dead ſhall riſe,
" Unchain'd from earth, and mount the ſkies,
" And time ſhall end his fated courſe."—
" Now th' unfathom'd depth behold—
" Look but once! a ſecond glance
" Wraps a heart of human mold
" In death's eternal trance."

X.

" That ſhapeleſs phantom ſinking ſlow
" Deep down the vaſt abyſs below,
" Darts, thro' the miſts that ſhroud his frame,
" A horror, nature hates to name!"—
" Mortal, could thine eyes behold
" All thoſe ſullen miſts enfold,

" Thy

" Thy ſinews at the ſight accurſt
" Would wither, and thy heart-ſtrings burſt;
" Death would graſp with icy hand
" And drag thee to our grizly band—
" Away! the ſable pall I ſpread,
" And give to reſt th' unquiet dead—
" Haſte! ere its horrid ſhroud encloſe
" Thy form, benumb'd with wild affright,
" And plunge thee far thro' waſtes of night,
" In yon black gulph's abhorr'd repoſe!"—
As ſtarting at each ſtep, I fly,
Why backward turns my frantic eye,
That cloſing portal paſt?—
Two ſullen ſhades half-ſeen, advance!—
On me, a blaſting look they caſt,

And

And fix my view with dang'rous ſpells,
Where burning frenzy dwells!—
Again! their vengeful look——and now a ſpeech-
leſs—

* * * * * * *

SONNET

# SONNET,

## TO MRS. SIDDONS.

# SONNET,

## To MRS. SIDDONS.

---

SIDDONS! the Muſe, for many a joy refin'd,
Feelings which ever ſeem too ſwiftly fled—
For thoſe delicious tears ſhe loves to ſhed,
Around thy brow the wreath of praiſe would bind—
But can her feeble notes thy praiſe unfold?
Repeat the tones each changing paſſion gives,
Or mark where nature in thy action lives,
Where, in thy pauſe, ſhe ſpeaks a pang untold!

When

When fierce ambition ſteels thy daring breaſt,
When from thy frantic look our glance recedes;
Or oh, divine enthuſiaſt! when oppreſt
By anxious love, that eye of ſoftneſs pleads—
The ſun-beam all can feel, but who can trace
The inſtant light, and catch the radiant grace!

# SONNET

## To TWILIGHT.

# SONNET

## To TWILIGHT.

MEEK Twilight! ſoften the declining day,
And bring the hour my penſive ſpirit loves;
When, o'er the mountain ſlow deſcends the ray
That gives to ſilence the deſerted groves.
Ah, let the happy court the morning ſtill,
When, in her blooming lovelineſs array'd,
She bids freſh beauty light the vale, or hill,
And rapture warble in the vocal ſhade.

Sweet is the odour of the morning's flower,
And rich in melody her accents riſe;
Yet dearer to my ſoul the ſhadowy hour,
At which her bloſſoms cloſe, her muſic dies—
For then, while languid nature droops her head,
She wakes the tear 'tis luxury to ſhed.

# QUEEN MARY's COMPLAINT.

# QUEEN MARY'S

# COMPLAINT.

## I.

PALE moon! thy mild benignant light
May glad ſome other captive's ſight;
Bright'ning the gloomy objects nigh,
Thy beams a lenient thought ſupply:
But, oh, pale moon! what ray of thine
Can ſooth a miſery like mine!
Chaſe the ſad image of the paſt,
And woes for ever doom'd to laſt.

II.

Where are the years with pleaſure gay?
How bright their courſe! how ſhort their ſtay!—
Where are the crowns, that round my head
A double glory vainly ſpread?
Where are the beauties wont to move,
The grace, converting awe to love?
Alas, had fate deſign'd to bleſs,
Its equal hand had giv'n me leſs!

III.

Why did the regal garb array
A breaſt that tender paſſions ſway?
A ſoul of unſuſpicious frame,
Which leans with faith on friendſhip's name—
Ye vaniſh'd hopes! ye broken ties!
By perfidy, in friendſhip's guiſe,

This

This breaſt was injur'd, loſt, betray'd—
Where, where ſhall Mary look for aid?

IV.

How could I hope redreſs to find,
Stern rival! from thy envious mind?
How could I e'er thy words believe?
O ever practis'd to deceive!
Thy wiles abhorr'd ſhall pleaſe alone
Cold boſoms, ſelfiſh as thy own;
While ages hence, indignant hear
The horrors of my fate ſevere.

V.

Have not thy unrelenting hands
Torn nature's moſt endearing bands?
Whate'er I hop'd from woman's name,
The ties of blood, the ſtranger's claim;

A ſiſter-queen's deſpairing breaſt
On thee ſecurely lean'd for reſt;
On thee! from whom that breaſt has bled
With ſharper ills than thoſe I fled.

VI.

Oh, ſkill'd in every baſer art!
Tyrant! to this unguarded heart
No guilt ſo black as thine belongs,
Which loads my length'ning years with wrongs.
Strike then at once, inſatiate foe!
The long, premeditated blow;
So ſhall thy jealous terrors ceaſe,
And Mary's harraſs'd ſoul have peace.

# PERU.

A

# POEM,

IN SIX CANTOS.

# ADVERTISEMENT.

THAT no readers of the following work may entertain expectations reſpecting it which it would ill ſatisfy, it is neceſſary to acquaint them, that the author has not had the preſumption even to attempt a full, hiſtorical narration of the fall of the Peruvian empire. To deſcribe that important event with accuracy, and to diſplay with clearneſs and force the various cauſes which combined to produce it, would require all the energy of genius, and the moſt glowing colours of imagination. Conſcious of her utter inability to execute ſuch a deſign, ſhe has

has only aimed at a ſimple detail of ſome few incidents that make a part of that romantic ſtory; where the unparalleled ſufferings of an innocent and amiable people, form the moſt affecting ſubjects of true pathos, while their climate, totally unlike our own, furniſhes new and ample materials for poetic deſcription.

# THE ARGUMENT.

*General description of the country of Peru, and of its animal, and vegetable productions—the virtues of the people—character of* Ataliba, *their Monarch—his love for* Alzira—*their nuptials celebrated—character of* Zorai, *her father—descent of the genius of Peru—prediction of the fate of that empire.*

# PERU.

## CANTO THE FIRST.

WHERE the pacific deep in ſilence laves
The weſtern ſhore, with ſlow and languid waves,
There, loſt Peruvia, roſe thy cultur'd ſcene,
The wave an emblem of thy joy ſerene:
There nature ever in luxuriant ſhowers
Pours from her treaſures, the perennial flowers;

In

In its dark foliage plum'd, the tow'ring pine
Aſcends the mountain, at her call divine;
The palm's wide leaf its brighter verdure ſpreads,
And the proud cedars bow their lofty heads;
The citron, and the glowing orange ſpring,
And on the gale a thouſand odours fling;
The guava, and the ſoft ananas bloom,
The balſam ever drops a rich perfume:
The bark, reviving ſhrub! Oh not in vain
Thy roſy bloſſoms tinge Peruvia's plain;
Ye ſoft'ring gales, around thoſe bloſſoms blow,
Ye balmy dew-drops, o'er the tendrils flow.
Lo, as the health-diffuſing plant aſpires,
Diſeaſe, and pain, and hov'ring death retires;
Affection ſees new luſtre light the eye,
And feels her vaniſh'd joys again are nigh.

The Pacos*, and Vicunnas † ſport around,
And the meek Lamas ‡, burden'd, preſs the ground.
Amid the vocal groves, the feather'd throng
Pour to the liſt'ning breeze their native ſong;
The mocking-bird her varying note eſſays,
The vain macaw his glitt'ring plume diſplays.
While ſpring's warm ray the mild ſuffuſion ſheds,
The plaintive humming-bird his pinion ſpreads;
His wings their colours to the ſun unfold,
The vivid ſcarlet, and the blazing gold;
He ſees the flower which morning tears bedew,
Sinks on its breaſt, and drinks th' ambroſial dew:

* The pacos is a domeſtic animal of Peru. Its wool reſembles the colour of dried roſes.

† The vicunnas are a ſpecies of wild pacos.

‡ The lamas are employed as mules, in carrying burdens.

Then

Then ſeeks with fond delight the ſocial neſt
Parental care has rear'd, and love has bleſt:
The drops that on the bloſſom's light leaf hung,
He bears exulting to his tender young;
The grateful joy his happy accents prove,
Is nature, ſmiling on her works of love.

Nor leſs, Peruvia, for thy favour'd clime
The virtues roſe, unſullied, and ſublime:
There melting charity, with ardor warm,
Spread her wide mantle o'er th' unſhelter'd form;
Cheer'd with the feſtal ſong, her lib'ral toils
While in the lap of age * ſhe pour'd the ſpoils.

* The people cheerfully aſſiſted in reaping thoſe fields, whoſe pro-
duce was given to old perſons, paſt their labour.

Simplicity in every vale was found,
The meek nymph ſmil'd, with reeds, and ruſhes crown'd;
And innocence in light, tranſparent veſt,
Mild viſitant! the gentle region bleſt:
As from her lip enchanting accents part,
They thrill with pleaſure the reponſive heart;
And o'er the ever-blooming vales around,
Soft echoes waft each undulating ſound.

This happy region *Ataliba* ſway'd,
Whoſe mild beheſt the willing heart obey'd;
Deſcendant of a ſcepter'd, ſacred race,
Whoſe origin from glowing ſuns they trace;
And as o'er nature's form, the ſolar light
Diffuſes beauty, and inſpires delight;

So,

So, o'er Peruvia flow'd the lib'ral ray
Of mercy, lovelier than the ſmile of day!
In Ataliba's pure and gen'rous heart
The virtues bloom'd without the aid of art.
His gentle ſpirit, love's ſoft power poſſeſt,
And ſtamp'd Alzira's image on his breaſt;
Alzira, form'd each tenderneſs to prove,
That ſooths in friendſhip, and that charms in love.
But, ah! in vain the drooping muſe would paint
(Her accents languid, and her colours faint,)
How dear the joys love's early wiſhes ſought,
How mild his ſpirit, and how pure his thought,
Ere wealth in ſullen pomp was ſeen to riſe,
And break the artleſs boſom's holy ties;
Blaſt with his touch affection's op'ning flower,
And chill the hand that rear'd her bliſsful bower.

Fortune

Fortune, light nymph! ſtill bleſs the ſordid heart,
Still to thy venal ſlave thy gifts impart;
Bright in his view may all thy meteors ſhine,
And loſt Peruvia open every mine;
For him the robe of eaſtern pomp diſplay,
The gems that ripen in the torrid ray;
Collected may their guilty luſtre ſtream
Full on the eye that courts the partial beam:
But Love, oh Love! ſhould haply this late hour,
One ſofter mind avow thy genuine power;
Breathe at thy altar nature's ſimple ſtrain,
And ſtrew the heart's pure incenſe on thy fane;
Give to that boſom ſcorning fortune's toys,
Thy ſweet enchantments, and thy virtuous joys;
Bid pleaſure bloom thro' many a circling year,
Which love ſhall wing, and conſtancy endear;

Far

Far from this happy clime avert the woes,
The heart from alienated fondneſs knows;
And from that agony the ſpirit ſave,
When unrelenting yawns the op'ning grave;
When death diſſolves the ties for ever dear;
When frantic paſſion pours her parting tear;
With all the cheriſh'd pains affection feels,
Hangs on the quiv'ring lip, that ſilence ſeals;
Views fondneſs ſtruggling in the cloſing eye,
And marks it mingling in the falt'ring ſigh;
As the lov'd form, while folded to her breaſt,
On earth's cold boſom ſeeks more laſting reſt!
Leave her fond ſoul in hopeleſs griefs to mourn,
Claſp the pale corſe, and bathe th' unconſcious urn;—
Mild, to the wounds that pierce her bleeding heart,
Nature's expiring pang, and death's keen dart.

Pure

Pure was the luſtre of the orient ray,
That joyful wak'd Alzira's nuptial day:
Her auburn hair, ſpread looſely to the wind,
The virgin train, with roſy chaplets bind;
The ſcented flowers that form her bridal wreathe,
A deeper hue, a richer fragrance breathe.
The gentle tribe now ſought the hallow'd fane,
Where warbling veſtals pour'd the choral ſtrain:
There aged Zorai, his Alzira preſt
With love parental, to his anxious breaſt:
Prieſt of the ſun, within the ſacred ſhrine
His fervent ſpirit breath'd the ſtrain divine;
With glowing hand, the guiltleſs off'ring ſpread,
With pious zeal the pure libation ſhed;
Nor vain the incenſe of erroneous praiſe
When meek devotion's ſoul the tribute pays;

On wings of purity behold it riſe,
While bending mercy wafts it to the ſkies!

Peruvia! oh delightful land, in vain
The virtues flouriſh'd on thy beauteous plain;
In vain ſweet pleaſure there was ſeen to move,
And wore the ſmile of peace, the bloom of love;
For ſoon ſhall burſt the unrelenting ſtorm,
Rend her ſoft robe, and cruſh her tender form:
Peruvia! ſoon the fatal hour ſhall riſe,
The hour deſpair ſhall waſte in tears and ſighs;
Fame ſhall record the horrors of thy fate,
And diſtant ages weep for ills ſo great.

Now o'er the deep chill night her mantle flung,
Dim on the wave the moon's faint creſcent hung;

Peruvia's

Peruvia's Genius ſought the liquid plain,
Sooth'd by the languid murmurs of the main;
When ſudden clamour the illuſion broke,
Wild on the ſurface of the deep it ſpoke;
A riſing breeze expands her flowing veil,
Aghaſt with fear, ſhe ſpy'd a flying ſail—
The lofty maſt impends, the banner waves,
The ruffled ſurge th' incumbent veſſel laves;
With eager eye ſhe views her deſtin'd foe
Lead to her peaceful ſhores th' advent'rous prow;
Trembling ſhe knelt, with wild diſorder'd air,
And pour'd with frantic energy her pray'r—
" Oh, ye avenging ſpirits of the deep!
" Mount the blue lightning's wing, o'er ocean ſweep;
" Loud from your central caves the ſhell reſound,
" That ſummons death to your abyſs profound;

" Call the pale ſpectre from his dark abode,
" To print the billow, ſwell the black'ning flood,
" Ruſh o'er the waves, the rough'ning deep deform,
" Howl in the blaſt, and animate the ſtorm—
" Relentleſs powers! for not one quiv'ring breeze
" Has ruffled yet the ſurface of the ſeas—
" Swift from your rocky ſteeps, ye condors * ſtray,
" Wave your black plumes, and cleave th' aërial way;
" Proud in terrific force, your wings expand,
" Preſs the firm earth, and darken all the ſtrand;
" Bid the ſtern foe retire with wild affright,
" And ſhun the region veil'd in partial night.
" Vain hope, devoted land! I read thy doom,
" My ſad prophetic ſoul can pierce the gloom;

* The condor is an inhabitant of the Andes. Its wings, when expanded, are ſaid to be eighteen feet wide.

" I ſee,

" I ſee, I ſee my lov'd, my favour'd clime,
" Conſum'd, and fading in its early prime.
" But not in vain the beauteous realm ſhall bleed,
" Too late ſhall Europe's race deplore the deed.
" Region abhorr'd! be gold the tempting bane,
" The curſe that deſolates thy hoſtile plain;
" May pleaſure tinge with venom'd drops the
" bowl,
" And luxury unnerve the ſick'ning ſoul."—
Ah, not in vain ſhe pour'd th' impaſſion'd tear!
Ah, not in vain ſhe call'd the powers to hear!
When borne from loſt Peruvia's bleeding land,
The guilty treaſures beam'd on Europe's ſtrand;
Each ſweet affection fled the tainted ſhore,
And virtue wander'd, to return no more.

# PERU.

## CANTO THE SECOND.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Pizarro, *a Spaniſh Captain, lands with his forces—his meeting with* Ataliba—*its unhappy conſequences—* Zorai *dies—*Ataliba *impriſoned, and ſtrangled—* Alzira's *deſpair, and madneſs.*

# PERU.

## CANTO THE SECOND.

FLUSH'D with impatient hope, the martial band
By ſtern Pizarro led, approach the land:
No terrors arm the hoſtile brow, for guile
Charms to betray, in Candour's open ſmile.
Too artleſs for diſtruſt, the monarch ſprings
To meet his latent foe on friendſhip's wings:
On as he moves, with glitt'ring ſplendours crown'd,
His feather'd chiefs the golden throne ſurround;

The waving canopy its plume diſplays,
Whoſe varied hues reflect the morning rays;
With native grace he hails the warrior train,
Who ſtood majeſtic on Peruvia's plain,
In all the ſavage pomp of armour dreſt,
The radiant helmet, and the nodding creſt.
Yet themes of joy Pizarro's lips impart,
And charm with eloquence the ſimple heart;
Unfolding to the monarch's wond'ring thought,
All that inventive arts the rude have taught:
And now he bids the purer ſpirit riſe
Above the circle of ſurrounding ſkies;
Preſents the page that ſhed religion's light
O'er the dark miſt of intellectual night;
While thrill'd with awe the monarch trembling ſtands,
He dropp'd the hallow'd volume from his hands.

Sudden

* Sudden, while frantic zeal each breaſt inſpires,
And ſhudd'ring demons fan the impious fires,
The bloody ſignal waves, the banners play,
The naked ſabres flaſh their ſtreaming ray;

* "Sudden, while frantic zeal, &c." PIZARRO, who during a long conference, had with difficulty reſtrained his ſoldiers, eager to ſeize the rich ſpoils of which they had now ſo near a view, immediately gave the ſignal of aſſault. At once the martial muſic ſtruck up, the cannon and muſkets began to fire, the horſe ſallied out fiercely to the charge, the infantry ruſhed on ſword in hand. The Peruvians, aſtoniſhed at the ſuddenneſs of an attack which they did not expect, and diſmayed with the deſtructive effects of the fire-arms, fled with univerſal conſternation on every ſide. PIZARRO, at the head of his choſen band, advanced directly towards the Inca; and though his Nobles crowded around him with officious zeal, and fell in numbers at his feet, while they vied one with another in ſacrificing their own lives, that they might cover the ſacred perſon of their Sovereign, the Spaniards ſoon penetrated to the royal ſeat; and PIZARRO ſeizing the Inca by the arm, dragged him to the ground, and carried him a priſoner to his quarters.——*Robertſon's Hiſtory of America.*

The

The martial trumpet's animating ſound,
And thund'ring cannon, rend the vault around;
While fierce in ſanguine rage the ſons of Spain
Ruſh on Peru's unarm'd, devoted train;
The fiends of ſlaughter urg'd their dire career,
And virtue's guardian ſpirits dropp'd a tear.—
Mild Zorai fell, deploring human ſtrife,
And clos'd with prayer his conſecrated life.
In vain Peruvia's chiefs undaunted ſtood,
Shield their lov'd prince, and bathe his robes in blood;
Touch'd with heroic ardor, ruſh around,
And high of ſoul, receive each fatal wound:
Dragg'd from his throne, and hurry'd o'er the plain,
The wretched monarch ſwells the captive train;
With iron graſp, the frantic prince they bear,
And bleſs the omen of his wild deſpair.

Deep

Deep in the gloomy dungeon's lone domain,
Loſt Ataliba wore the galling chain;
The earth's cold bed refus'd oblivious reſt,
While throbb'd the pains of thouſands at his breaſt;
Alzira's deſolating moan he hears,
And with the monarch's, blends the lover's tears—
Soon had Alzira felt affliction's dart
Pierce her ſoft ſoul, and rend her bleeding heart;
Its quick pulſations paus'd, and, chill'd with dread,
A livid hue her fading cheek o'erſpread;
No tear ſhe gave to love, ſhe breath'd no ſigh,
Her lips were mute, and clos'd her languid eye;
Fainter, and ſlower heav'd her ſhiv'ring breaſt,
And her calm'd paſſions ſeem'd in death to reſt!—
At length reviv'd, mid riſing heaps of ſlain
She preſt with trembling ſtep, the crimſon plain;

The dungeon's gloomy depth ſhe fearleſs fought,
For love, with ſcorn of danger arm'd her thought:
The cell that holds her captive lord ſhe gains,
Her tears fall quiv'ring on a lover's chains!
Too tender ſpirit, check the filial tear,
A ſympathy more ſoft, a tie more dear
Shall claim the drops that frantic paſſion ſheds,
When the rude ſtorm its darkeſt pinion ſpreads.
Lo! burſting the deep cell where mis'ry lay,
The human vultures ſeize the dove-like prey!
In vain her treaſur'd wealth Peruvia gave,
This dearer treaſure from their graſp to ſave:
Alzira! lo, the ruthleſs murd'rers come,
This moment ſeals thy Ataliba's doom.
Ah, what avails the ſhriek that anguiſh pours!
The look, that mercy's lenient aid implores!

Torn from thy clinging arms, thy throbbing breaſt,
The fatal cord his agony ſuppreſt:
In vain the livid corſe ſhe fondly claſps,
And pours her ſorrows o'er the form ſhe graſps—
The murd'rers now their ſtruggling victim tear
From the loſt object of her keen deſpair:
The ſwelling pang unable to ſuſtain,
Diſtraction throbb'd in every beating vein:
Its ſudden tumults ſeize her yielding ſoul,
And in her eye diſtemper'd glances roll—
"They come! (the mourner cried, with panting
"breath,)
"To give the loſt Alzira reſt in death!
"One moment more, ye bloody forms, beſtow,
"One moment more for ever cures my woe—

"Lo

" Lo where the purple evening ſheds her light
" On bleſt remains! oh hide them, pitying night!
" Slow in the breeze I ſee the verdure wave
" That ſhrouds with tufted graſs, my lover's grave:
" There, on its wand'ring wing in mildneſs blows
" The mournful gale, nor wakes his deep repoſe—
" And ſee, yon hoary form ſtill lingers there!
" Diſhevell'd by rude winds his ſilver hair;
" O'er his chill'd boſom falls the winter's rain,
" I feel the big drops on my wither'd brain:
" Not for himſelf that tear his boſom ſteeps,
" For his loſt child it flows, for me he weeps!
" No more the dagger's point ſhall pierce thy breaſt,
" For calm and lovely is thy ſilent reſt;
" Yet ſtill in duſt theſe eyes ſhall ſee thee roll,
" Still the ſad thought ſhall waſte Alzira's ſoul—

" Wha

" What bleeding phantom moves along the ſtorm?
" It is—it is my lover's well-known form!
" Tho' the dim moon is veil'd, his robes of light
" Tinge the dark clouds, and gild the miſt of
" night:
" Approach! Alzira's breaſt no terrors move,
" Her fears are all for ever loſt in love!
" Safe on the hanging cliff I now can reſt,
" And preſs its pointed pillow to my breaſt—
" He weeps! in heav'n he weeps! I feel his
" tear—
" It chills my trembling heart, yet ſtill 'tis dear—
" To him all joyleſs are the realms above,
" That pale look ſpeaks of pity, and of love!
" My love aſcends! he ſoars in azure light;
" Stay tender ſpirit—cruel! ſtay thy flight—

" Again

" Again deſcend in yonder rolling cloud,
" And veil Alzira in thy miſty ſhroud—
" He comes! my love has plac'd the dagger near,
" And on its hallow'd point has dropp'd a tear"—
As roll'd her wand'ring glances wide around
She ſnatch'd a reeking ſabre from the ground;
Firmly her lifted hand the weapon preſs'd,
And deep ſhe pung'd it in her panting breaſt:
" 'Tis but a few ſhort moments that divide
" Alzira from her love!"—ſhe ſaid—and died.

# PERU.

## CANTO THE THIRD.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Pizarro *takes poſſeſſion of Cuzco—the fanaticiſm of* Valverde, *a Spaniſh prieſt—its dreadful effects—A Peruvian prieſt put to the torture—his daughter's diſtreſs—he is reſcued by* Las Caſas, *an amiable Spaniſh eccleſiaſtic, and led to a place of ſafety, where he dies—his daughter's narration of her ſufferings—her death.*

# PERU.

## CANTO THE THIRD.

NOW ſtern Pizarro ſeeks the diſtant plains,
Where beauteous Cuzco lifts her golden fanes:
The meek Peruvians gaz'd in pale diſmay,
Nor barr'd the dark oppreſſor's ſanguine way:
And ſoon on Cuzco, where the dawning light
Of glory ſhone, foretelling day more bright,
Where the young arts had ſhed unfolding flowers,
A ſcene of ſpreading deſolation lowers;

While buried deep in everlaſting ſhade,
Thoſe luſtres ſicken, and thoſe bloſſoms fade.
And yet, devoted land, not gold alone,
Or wild ambition wak'd thy parting groan;
For, lo! a fiercer fiend, with joy elate,
Feaſts on thy ſuff'rings, and impels thy fate.
Fanatic fury rears her ſullen ſhrine,
Where vultures prey, where venom'd adders twine;
Her ſavage arm with purple torrents ſtains
Thy rocking temples, and thy falling fanes;
Her blazing torches flaſh the mounting fire,
She graſps the ſabre, and ſhe lights the pyre;
Her voice is thunder, rending the ſtill air,
Her glance the livid light'ning's fatal glare;
Her lips unhallow'd breathe their impious ſtrain,
And pure religion's ſacred voice profane;

Whoſ

Whoſe precepts, pity's mildeſt deeds approve,
Whoſe law is mercy, and whoſe ſoul is love.
Fanatic fury wakes the riſing ſtorm—
She wears the ſtern Valverda's hideous form;
His boſom never felt another's woes,
No ſhriek of anguiſh breaks its dark repoſe.
The temple nods—an aged form appears—
He beats his breaſt—he rends his ſilver hairs—
Valverda drags him from the bleſt abode
Where his meek ſpirit humbly ſought its God:
See, to his aid his child, ſoft Zilia, ſprings,
And ſteeps in tears the robe to which ſhe clings,
Till burſting from Peruvia's frighted throng,
Two warlike youths impetuous ruſh'd along;
One, graſp'd his twanging bow with furious air,
While in his troubled eye ſat fierce deſpair.

But all in vain his erring weapon flies,
Pierc'd by a thouſand wounds, on earth he lies.
His drooping head the heart-ſtruck Zilia rais'd,
And on the youth in ſpeechleſs anguiſh gaz'd;
While he, who fondly ſhar'd his danger, flew,
And from his breaſt a reeking ſabre drew.
" Deep in my faithful boſom let me hide
" The fatal ſteel, that would our ſouls divide,"
He quick exclaims—the dying warrior cries,
" Ah, yet forbear!—by all the ſacred ties,
" That bind our hearts, forbear"—In vain he ſpoke,
Friendſhip with frantic zeal impels the ſtroke:
" Thyſelf for ever loſt, thou hop'ſt in vain,
" The youth replied, my ſpirit to detain;
" From thee, my ſoul, in childhood's earlieſt year,
" Caught the light pleaſure, and the ſtarting tear;

" Thy friendſhip then my young affections bleſt,
" The firſt pure paſſion of my infant breaſt;
" That paſſion, which o'er life delight has ſhed,
" By reaſon cheriſh'd, and by virtue fed:
" And ſtill in death I feel its ſtrong controul;
" Its ſacred impulſe wings my fleeting ſoul,
" That only lingers here till thou depart,
" Whoſe image lives upon my fainting heart."—
In vain the gen'rous youth, with panting breath,
Pour'd theſe loſt murmurs in the ear of death;
He reads the fatal truth in *Zilia*'s eye,
And gives to friendſhip his expiring ſigh.—
But now with rage Valverda's glances roll,
And mark the vengeance rankling in his ſoul:
He bends his wrinkled brow—his lips impart
The brooding purpoſe of his venom'd heart;

He bids the hoary prieſt in mutter'd ſtrains,
Abjure his faith, forſake his falling fanes,
While yet the ling'ring pangs of torture wait,
While yet *Valverda*'s power ſuſpends his fate.
" Vain man, the victim cried, to hoary years
" Know death is mild, and virtue feels no fears:
" Cruel of ſpirit, come! let tortures prove
" The Power I ſerv'd in life, in death I
" love."—
He ceas'd——with rugged cords his limbs they bound,
And drag the aged ſuff'rer on the ground;
They graſp his feeble form, his treſſes tear,
His robe they rend, his ſhrivell'd boſom bare.
Ah, ſee his uncomplaining ſoul ſuſtain
The ſting of inſult, and the dart of pain;

His ſtedfaſt ſpirit feels one pang alone;
A child's deſpair awakes one ſuff'ring groan—
The mourner kneels to catch his parting breath,
To ſooth the agony of ling'ring death;
No moan ſhe breath'd, no tear had power to flow,
Still on her lip expir'd th' unutter'd woe:
Yet ah, her livid cheek, her ſtedfaſt look,
The deſolated ſoul's deep anguiſh ſpoke—
Mild victim! cloſe not yet thy languid eyes;
Pure ſpirit! claim not yet thy kindred ſkies;
A pitying angel comes to ſtay thy flight,
*Las Caſas* * bids thee view returning light:
Ah, let that ſacred drop to virtue dear,
Efface thy wrongs—receive his precious tear;

* "Las Casas, &c." that amiable Eccleſiaſtic, who obtained by his humanity the title of Protector of the Indies.

See his flush'd cheek with indignation glow,
While from his lips the tones of pity flow.
" Oh suffring Lord! he cried, whose streaming
" blood
" Was pour'd for man—Earth drank the sacred
" flood—
" Whose mercy in the mortal pang forgave
" The murd'rous band, thy love alone could save;
" Forgive—thy goodness bursts each narrow bound,
" Which feeble thought, and human hope surround;
" Forgive the guilty wretch, whose impious hand
" From thy pure altar flings the flaming brand,
" In human blood that hallow'd altar steeps,
" Libation dire! while groaning nature weeps—
" The limits of thy mercy dares to scan,
" The object of thy love, his victim,—Man;

" While

" While yet I linger, lo, the ſuff'rer dies—
" I ſee his frame convuls'd—I hear his ſighs—
" Whoe'er controuls the purpoſe of my heart
" Firſt in this breaſt ſhall plunge his guilty dart:"
With anxious ſtep he flew, with eager hands
He broke the fetters, burſt the cruel bands.
As the fall'n angel heard with awful fear
The cherub's grave rebuke, in grace ſevere,
And fled, while horror plum'd his impious creſt *,
The form of virtue, as ſhe ſtood confeſt;
So fierce Valverda ſullen mov'd along,
Abaſh'd, and follow'd by the guilty throng.
At length the hoary victim, freed from chains,
Las Caſas gently leads to ſafer plains;

* ——— On his creſt
Sat horror plum'd. *Par. Loſt*, iv. 988.

Soft Zilia's yielding ſoul the joy oppreſt,
She bath'd with floods of tears her father's breaſt.
Las Caſas now explores a ſecret cave
Whoſe ſhaggy ſides the languid billows lave;
"There reſt ſecure, he cried, the Chriſtian God
"Will hover near, will guard the lone abode."
Oft to the gloomy cell his ſteps repair,
While night's chill breezes wave his ſilver'd hair;
Oft in the tones of love, the words of peace,
He bids the bitter tears of anguiſh ceaſe;
Bids drooping hope upliſt her languid eyes,
And points a dearer bliſs beyond the ſkies.
Yet ah, in vain his pious cares would ſave
The hoary ſuff'rer from the op'ning grave;
For deep the pangs of torture pierc'd his frame,
And ſunk his waſted life's expiring flame;

To

To his cold lip Las Caſa's hand he preſt,
He faintly claſp'd his Zilia to his breaſt;
Then cried, " the God, whom now my vows adore,
" My heart thro' life obey'd, unknowing more;
" His mild forgiveneſs then my ſoul ſhall prove,
" His mercy ſhare—Las Caſa's God, is Love!"
He ſpoke no more—his Zilia's frantic moan
Was heard reſponſive to his dying groan.
" Victim of impious zeal, Las Caſas cries,
" Accept departed ſhade, a Chriſtian's ſighs;
" And thou, ſoft mourner, tender, drooping
" form,
" What power ſhall guard thee from the fearful
" ſtorm?"
" Weep not for me, ſhe cried, for Zilia's breaſt
" Soon in the ſhelt'ring earth ſhall find its reſt.

" Hope not the victim of deſpair to ſave,
" I aſk but death—I only ſeek a grave—
" Witneſs thou mangled form that earth retains,
" Witneſs a murder'd lover's cold remains.
" I liv'd my father's pangs to ſooth, to ſhare;
" I bore to live, tho' life was all deſpair—
" In vain my lover, urg'd by fond deſire
" To ſhield from torture, and from death my ſire,
" Flew to the fane where ſtern Valverda rag'd,
" And fearleſs, with unequal force engag'd;
" I ſaw him bleeding, dying preſs the ground,
" I drew the poiſon from each fatal wound;
" I bath'd thoſe wounds with tears—he pour'd a ſigh—
" A drop hung trembling in his cloſing eye—
" Ah, ſtill his mournful ſign I ſhiv'ring hear,
" In every pulſe I feel his parting tear—

" I faint—an icy coldneſs chills each vein,
" No more theſe feeble limbs their load ſuſtain:
" Spirit of pity! catch my fleeting breath,
" A moment ſtay—and cloſe my eyes in death—
" *Las Caſas*, thee, thy God in mercy gave
" To ſooth my pangs—to find the wretch a
" grave."—
She ceas'd—her ſpirit fled to purer ſpheres—
*Las Caſas* bathes the pallid coarſe with tears—
Fly, miniſter of good! nor ling'ring ſhed
Thoſe fruitleſs ſorrows o'er the unconſcious dead;
Ah fly—'tis innocence, 'tis virtue bleeds,
And heav'n will liſten, when an angel pleads;
I view the ſanguine flood, the waſting flame,
I hear a ſuff'ring world *Las Caſas* claim!

# P E R U.

## CANTO THE FOURTH.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Almagro's *expedition to Chili—his troops ſuffer great hardſhips from cold, in croſſing the Andes—they reach Chili—the Chileſe make a brave reſiſtance—the revolt of the Peruvians in Cuzco—they are led on by* Manco-Capac, *the ſucceſſor of* Ataliba—*his parting with* Cora, *his wife—the Peruvians regain half their city—* Almagro *leaves Chili—to avoid the Andes, he croſſes a vaſt deſert—his troops can find no water—the reſt divide in two bands—*Alphonſo *leads the ſecond band, which ſoon reaches a fertile valley—the Spaniards obſerve the natives are employed in ſearching the ſtreams for gold—they reſolve to attack them.*

# PERU.

## CANTO THE FOURTH.

NOW the ſtern partner of Pizarro's toils,
Almagro, lur'd by hope of golden ſpoils,
To diſtant Chili's ever-verdant meads,
Thro' paths untrod, a band of warriors leads;
O'er the high Andes' frozen ſteeps they go,
And wander mid' eternal hills of ſnow:
In vain the vivifying orb of day
Darts on th' impervious ice his fervent ray;

Cold,

Cold, keen as chains the oceans of the Pole,
Numbs the ſhrunk frame, and chills the vig'rous ſoul—
At length they reach luxuriant *Chili*'s plain,
Where ends the dreary bound of winter's reign;
Where ſpring ſheds odours thro' th' unvaried year,
And bathes the flower of ſummer, with her tear.

When firſt the brave *Chileſe*, with eager glance,
Behold the hoſtile ſons of Spain advance;
Heard the loud thunder of the cannon craſh,
And view'd the light'ning of the inſtant flaſh,
The threat'ning ſabre red with purple ſtreams,
The lance that quiver'd in the ſolar beams;
With pale ſurpriſe they ſaw the low'ring ſtorm,
Where hung dark danger, in an unknown form:

But ſoon their ſpirits, ſtung with gen'rous ſhame,
Renounce each terror, and for vengeance flame;
Pant high with ſacred freedom's ardent glow,
And met intrepid the ſuperior foe.
Long unſubdu'd by ſtern Almagro's train,
Their valiant tribes unequal fight maintain;
Long victory hover'd doubtful o'er the field,
And oft ſhe forc'd Iberia's band to yield;
Oft tore from Spain's proud head her laurel bough,
And bade it bloſſom on Peruvia's brow;
When ſudden tidings reach'd Almagro's ear
That ſhook the warrior's ſoul with doubt and fear.

Of murder'd Ataliba's royal race
There yet remain'd a youth of blooming grace,

Who

Who pin'd, the captive of relentleſs Spain,
And long in Cuzco dragg'd her galling chain;
*Capac* his name, whoſe ſoul indignant bears
The rankling fetters, and revenge prepares.
But ſince his daring ſpirit muſt forego
The hope to ruſh upon the tyrant foe,
Led by his parent orb, that gives the day,
And fierce as darts the keen, meridian ray,
He vows to bend unſeen his hoſtile courſe,
Then on the victors riſe with latent force,
As ſudden from its cloud the brooding ſtorm,
Burſts in the thunder's voice, the lightning's form--
For this, from ſtern Pizarro he obtains
The boon, enlarg'd, to ſeek the neighb'ring plains,
For one bleſs'd day, and with his friends unite
To crown with ſolemn pomp an ancient rite;

Share

Share the dear pleaſures of the ſocial hour,
And mid' their fetters twine one feſtal flower.
So ſpoke the Prince—far other thoughts poſſeſt,
Far other purpoſe animates his breaſt:
For now Peruvia's nobles he commands
To lead, with ſilent ſtep, her martial bands
Forth to the deſtin'd ſpot, prepar'd to dare
The fierceſt ſhock of dire, unequal war;
While every tender, human intereſt pleads,
And urges the firm ſoul to lofty deeds.
Now Capac hail'd th' eventful morning's light,
Roſe with its dawn, and panted for the fight;
But firſt with fondneſs to his heart he preſt
The tender Cora, partner of his breaſt;
Who with her lord, had fought the dungeon's gloom,
And waſted there in grief, her early bloom.

" No

" No more, he cried, no more my love ſhall feel
" The mingled agonies I fly to heal;
" I go, but ſoon exulting ſhall return,
" And bid my faithful Cora ceaſe to mourn:
" For oh, amid' each pang my boſom knows,
" What waſtes, what wounds it moſt, are Cora's
" woes.
" Sweet was the love that crown'd our happier
" hours,
" And ſhed new fragrance o'er a path of flowers;
" But ſure divided ſorrow more endears
" The tie, that paſſion ſeals with mutual tears"—
He paus'd—faſt-flowing drops bedew'd her eyes,
While thus in mournful accents ſhe replies:
" Still let me feel the preſſure of thy chain,
" Still ſhare the fetters which my love detain;
" Thoſe

" Thoſe piercing irons to my ſoul are dear,
" Nor will their ſharpneſs wound while thou art near.
" Oh think not, when in thee alone I live,
" This breaſt can bear the pain thy dangers give,
" Look on our helpleſs babe in mis'ry nurſt—
" My child—my child, thy mother's heart will burſt!
" Methinks I ſee the raging battle riſe,
" And hear this harmleſs ſuff'rer's feeble cries;
" I view the blades that pour a ſanguine flood,
" And plunge their cruel edge in infant blood."—
She could no more; her falt'ring accents die,
Yet her ſoul ſpoke expreſſive in her eye;
Her lord beholds her grief, with tender pain,
And leads her breathleſs, to a ſhelt'ring fane.
Now high in air his feather'd ſtandard waves,
And ſoon from ſhrouding woods, and hollow caves,

A num'rous hoſt along the plain appear,
And hail their monarch with a gen'rous tear:
To Cuzco's gate now ruſh th' increaſing throngs,
And ſuch their ardor, rouz'd by ſenſe of wrongs,
That vainly would Pizarro's vet'ran force
Arreſt the torrent in its raging courſe;
In vain his murd'ring bands terrific ſtood,
And plung'd their ſabres in a ſea of blood:
Danger and death Peruvia's ſons diſdain,
And half their captive city ſoon regain.
With ſuch pure joy the natives view their lord
To the warm wiſhes of their ſouls reſtor'd
As feels the tender child whom force had torn
From his lov'd home, and bruis'd the flower of morn,

When

When his fond ſearching eye again beholds
His mother's form, when in her arms ſhe folds
The long loſt child, who bathes with tears her face,
And finds his ſafety in her dear embrace.—

Soon as Almagro heard applauding fame
The triumphs of Peruvia, loud proclaim,
Unconquer'd Chili's vale he ſwift forſakes,
And his bold courſe to diſtant Cuzco takes;
Shuns Andes' icy ſhower, its chilling ſnows,
The arrowy gale that on its ſummit blows;
A burning deſart undiſmay'd he paſt,
And meets the ardours of the fiery blaſt.
Now as along the ſultry waſte they move,
The keeneſt pang of raging thirſt they prove:

No cooling fruit its grateful juice diſtils,
Nor flows one balmy drop from cryſtal rills;
For nature ſickens in th' oppreſſive beam,
That ſhrinks the vernal bud, and dries the ſtream;
While horror, as his giant ſtature grows,
O'er the drear void his ſpreading ſhadow throws.

Almagro's band now pale, and fainting ſtray,
While death oft barr'd the ſinking warrior's way:
At length the chief divides his martial force,
And bids Alphonſo, by a ſep'rate courſe,
Lead o'er the hideous deſart half his train—
" And ſearch, he cried, this drear, uncultur'd
" plain:
" Perchance ſome fruitage withering in the breeze,
" The pains of leſſen'd numbers may appeaſe;
" Or

" Or Heav'n in pity, from ſome genial ſhower,
" On the parch'd lip one precious drop may
" pour."

Not far the troops of young Alphonſo went,
When ſudden, from a riſing hill's aſcent,
They view a valley, fed by fertile ſprings,
Which Andes from his lofty ſummit flings;
Where ſummer's flowers their mingled odours
ſhed,
And wildly bloom, a waſte by beauty ſpread—
To the charm'd warrior's eye, the vernal ſcene
That 'mid the howling deſart, ſmil'd ſerene,
Appear'd like nature riſing from the breaſt
Of chaos, in her infant graces dreſt:

When warbling angels hail'd the lovely birth,
And ſtoop'd from heav'n to bleſs the new-born earth.

And now Alphonſo, and his martial band,
On the rich border of the valley ſtand;
They quaff the limpid ſtream with eager haſte,
And the pure juice that ſwells the fruitage taſte;
Then give to balmy reſt the night's ſtill hours,
Fann'd by the ſighing gale that ſhuts the flowers.
Soon as the purple beam of morning glows,
Refreſh'd from all their toils, the warriors roſe;
And ſaw the gentle natives of the mead
Search the clear currents for the golden ſeed;
Which from the mountain's height with headlong ſweep
The torrents bear, in many a ſhining heap—

Iberia's

Iberia's ſons beheld with anxious brow
The tempting lure, then breathe th' unpitying vow
O'er thoſe fair lawns to pour a ſanguine flood,
And dye thoſe lucid ſtreams with waves of blood.
Thus, while the humming bird in beauty dreſt,
Enchanting offspring of the ardent Weſt,
Attunes his ſoothing ſong to notes of love,
Mild as the murmurs of the mourning dove;
While his ſoft plumage glows with brighter hues,
And while with tender bill he ſips the dews,
The ſavage Condor, on terrific wings,
From Andes' frozen ſteep relentleſs ſprings;
And quiv'ring in his fangs, his hapleſs prey
Drops his gay plume, and ſighs his ſoul away.

# PERU.

## CANTO THE FIFTH.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Character of* Zamor, *a Bard—his paſſion for* Aciloe, *daughter of the Cazique who rules the valley—the Peruvian tribe prepare to defend themſelves—a battle—the Peruvians are vanquiſhed—*Aciloe's *father is made a priſoner, and* Zamor *is ſuppoſed to have fallen in the engagement—*Alphonſo *becomes enamoured of* Aciloe—*offers to marry her; ſhe rejects him—in revenge he puts her father to the torture—ſhe appears to conſent, in order to ſave him—meets* Zamor *in a wood—*Las Caſas *joins them—leads the two lovers to* Alphonſo, *and obtains their freedom—*Zamor *conducts* Aciloe *and her father to Chili—a reflection on the influence of Poetry over the human mind.*

# P E R U.

## CANTO THE FIFTH.

IN this ſweet ſcene, to all the virtues kind,
Mild Zamor own'd the richeſt gifts of mind;
For o'er his tuneful breaſt the heav'nly muſe
Shed from her ſacred ſpring, inſpiring dews.
She loves to breathe her hallow'd flame, where art
Has never veil'd the ſoul, or warp'd the heart;

Where

Where fancy glows with all her native fire,
And paſſion lives on the exulting lyre.
Nature, in terror rob'd, or beauty dreſt,
Could thrill with dear enchantment Zamor's breaſt:
He lov'd the languid ſigh the zephyr pours,
He lov'd the murm'ring rill that fed the flow'rs;
But more the hollow ſound the wild winds form,
When black upon the billow hangs the ſtorm;
The torrent rolling from the mountain ſteep,
Its white foam trembling on the darken'd deep—
And oft on Andes' height with eager gaze,
He view'd the ſinking ſun's reflected rays,
Glow like unnumber'd ſtars, that ſeem to reſt
Sublime, upon his ice-encircled breaſt.
Oft his wild warblings charm'd the feſtal hour,
Roſe, in the vale, and languiſh'd in the bower;

The heart's reſponſive tones he well could move
Whoſe ſong was nature, and whoſe theme was love.

Aciloe's beauties his fond eye confeſt,
Yet more Aciloe's virtues warm'd his breaſt.
Ah ſtay, ye tender hours of young delight,
Suſpend ye moments your impatient flight;
For ſure if aught on earth can bliſs impart,
Can ſhed the genuine joy that ſooths the heart,
'Tis felt, when early paſſion's pure controul
Unfolds the firſt affections of the ſoul;
Bids her ſoft ſympathies the boſom move,
And wakes the mild emotions dear to love.

The gentle tribe Aciloe's ſire obey'd
Who ſtill in wiſdom, and in mercy ſway'd.

From

From him the dear illuſions long had fled,
That o'er the morn of life enchantment ſhed;
Yet virtue's calm reflections cheer'd his breaſt,
And life was joy ſerene, and death was reſt.
Tho' ſweet the early ſpring, her bloſſoms bright,
When firſt ſhe ſwells the heart with pure delight,
Yet not unlovely is the ſober ray
That meekly beams o'er autumn's temper'd day;
Dear are her fading beauties to the ſoul,
While ſcarce perceiv'd the deep'ning ſhadows roll.

Now the charm'd lovers dreſs their future years
In forms of joy, then weep delicious tears,
Expreſſive on the glowing cheek that hung,
And ſpoke the fine emotions whence they ſprung—

'Twas

'Twas truth's warm energy, love's ſweet controul,
'Twas all that virtue whiſpers to the ſoul.
When lo, Iberia's ruthleſs ſons advance,
Roll the ſtern eye, and ſhake the pointed lance.
Oh Nature! the deſtroying band oppoſe,
Nature, arreſt their courſe—they come thy foes—
Benignant power, where thou with lib'ral care
Haſt planted joy, they come to plant deſpair—
Peruvia's tribe beheld the hoſtile throng
With deſolating fury pour along;
With horror their enſanguin'd path they trac'd,
And now to meet the murd'ring band they haſte;
The hoary chief to the dire conflict leads
His death devoted train—the battle bleeds.

Aciloe's ſearching eye can now no more
The form of Zamor, or her ſire explore;
She hears the moan of death in every gale,
She ſees a purple torrent ſtain the vale;
While deſtin'd all the bitterneſs to prove
Of mourning duty, and of bleeding love,
Each name that's deareſt wakes her burſting ſigh,
Throbs at her ſoul, and trembles in her eye.
Now, pierc'd by wounds, and breathleſs from the fight,
Her friend, the valiant Omar, ſtruck her ſight:
" Omar (ſhe cried) you bleed, unhappy youth,
" And ſure that look unfolds ſome fatal truth:
" Speak, pitying ſpeak, my frantic fears forgive,
" Say, does my father, does my Zamor live?"

" Al

" All, all is loſt, (the dying Omar ſaid)
" And endleſs griefs are thine, dear wretched
" maid;
" I ſaw thy aged ſire a captive bound,
" I ſaw thy Zamor preſs the crimſon ground"—
He could no more, he yields his fleeting breath,
While all in vain ſhe ſeeks repoſe in death,
But, oh, how far each other pang above
Throbs the wild agony of hopeleſs love;
That grief, for which in vain ſhall comfort ſhed
Her healing balm, or time in pity ſpread
The veil, that throws a ſhade o'er other care;
For here, and here alone, profound deſpair
Caſts o'er the ſuff'ring ſoul a laſting gloom,
And ſlowly leads her victim to the tomb.

Now rude tumultuous ſounds aſſail her ear,
And ſoon Alphonſo's victor train appear:
Then, as with ling'ring ſtep he mov'd along,
She ſaw her father mid' the captive throng;
She ſaw with dire diſmay, ſhe wildly flew,
Her ſnowy arms around his form ſhe threw:
" He bleeds (ſhe cries) I hear his moan of pain,
" My father will not bear the galling chain;
" My tender father will his child forſake,
" His mourning child, but ſoon her heart will break.
" Cruel Alphonſo, let not helpleſs age
" Feel thy hard yoke, and meet thy barb'rous rage;
" Or, oh, if ever mercy mov'd thy ſoul,
" If ever thou haſt felt her bleſt controul,
" Grant my ſad heart's deſire, and let me ſhare
" The load, that feeble frame but ill can bear."

While

While the young victor, as ſhe falt'ring ſpoke,
With fix'd attention, and with ardent look,
Hung on her tender glance, that love inſpires,
The rage of conqueſt yields to milder fires.
Yet, as he gaz'd enraptur'd on her form,
Her virtues awe the heart her beauties warm;
And, while impaſſion'd tones his love reveal,
He aſks with holy rites his vows to ſeal—
"Hop'ſt thou, ſhe cried, thoſe ſacred ties ſhall
"join
"This bleeding heart, this trembling hand to
"thine?
"To thine, whoſe ruthleſs heart has caus'd my
"pains,
"Whoſe barb'rous hands the blood of Zamor
"ſtains!

"Canſt

" Canſt thou—the murd'rer of my peace, controul
" The grief that ſwells, the pang that rends my
" ſoul?
" That pang ſhall death, ſhall death alone remove,
" And cure the anguiſh of deſpairing love."

In vain th' enamour'd youth eſſay'd each art
To calm her ſorrows, and to ſooth her heart;
While, in the range of thought, her tender breaſt
Could find no hope, on which her griefs might reſt,
While her ſoft ſoul, which Zamor's image fills,
Shrinks from the cruel author of its ills.
At length to madneſs ſtung by fix'd diſdain,
The victor gives to rage the fiery rein;
And bids her ſorrows flow from that fond ſource
Where ſtrong affection feels their keeneſt force,

Whoſe

Whoſe breaſt, when moſt it ſuffers, only heeds
The ſharper pangs by which another bleeds:
For now his cruel mandate doom'd her ſire
Stretch'd on the bed of torture, to expire;
Bound on the rack, unmov'd the victim lies,
Stifling in agony weak nature's ſighs.
But oh, what form of language can impart
The frantic grief that wrung Aciloe's heart,
When to the height of hopeleſs ſorrow wrought,
The fainting ſpirit feels a pang of thought,
Which never painted in the hues of ſpeech,
Lives at the ſoul, and mocks expreſſion's reach!
At length ſhe trembling cried, "the conflict's o'er,
"My heart, my breaking heart can bear no more—
"Yet ſpare his feeble age—my vows receive,
"And oh, in mercy, bid my father live!"—

"Wilt

" Wilt thou be mine?" the enamour'd chief replies,
" Yes, cruel! ſee, he dies, my father dies—
" Save, ſave, my father"—" Dear, angelic maid,
" The charm'd Alphonſo cried, be ſwift obey'd:
" Unbind his chains—Ah, calm each anxious
" pain,
" Aciloe's voice no more ſhall plead in vain;
" Plac'd near his child, thy aged ſire ſhall ſhare
" Our joys ſtill cheriſh'd by thy tender care"—
" No more (ſhe cried) will fate that bliſs allow,
" Before my lips ſhall breathe the nuptial vow,
" Some faithful guide ſhall lead his aged feet,
" To diſtant ſcenes that yield a ſafe retreat;
" Where ſome ſoft heart, ſome gentle hand, will
" ſhed
" The drops of comfort on his hoary head:—

" My

"My Zamor, if thy ſpirit trembles near,
"Forgive!"—ſhe ceas'd, and pour'd her hopeleſs tear.

Now night deſcends, and ſteeps each weary breaſt,
Save ſad Aciloe's, in the balm of reſt.
Her aged father's beauteous dwelling ſtood
Near the cool ſhelter of a waving wood:
But now the gales that bend its foliage die,
Soft on the ſilver turf its ſhadows lie;
While, ſlowly wand'ring o'er the ſcene below,
The gazing moon look'd pale as ſilent woe.
The ſacred ſhade, amid whoſe fragrant bowers
Zamor oft ſooth'd with ſong the evening hours,
Pour'd to the lunar orb, his magic lay,
More mild, more penſive than her muſing ray,

That ſhade with trembling ſtep, the mourner ſought,
And thus ſhe breath'd her tender, plaintive thought.
" Ah where, dear object of theſe piercing pains,
" Where reſts thy murder'd form, thy lov'd remains?
" On what ſad ſpot, my Zamor, flow'd the wound
" That purpled with thy ſtreaming blood the ground?
" Oh had Aciloe in that hour been nigh,
" Had'ſt thou but fix'd on me thy cloſing eye;
" Told with faint voice, 'twas death's worſt pang
" to part,
" And dropp'd thy laſt, cold tear upon my heart!
" A pang leſs bitter then would waſte this breaſt,
" That in the grave alone ſhall ſeek its reſt.
" Soon as ſome friendly hand, in mercy leads
" My aged father, ſafe to Chili's meads;

" Deat

" Death ſhall for ever, ſeal the nuptial tie,
" The heart belov'd by thee is fix'd to die:"
She ceas'd, when dimly thro' a flood of tears
She ſees her Zamor's form, his voice ſhe hears.—
" 'Tis he, ſhe cried, he moves upon the gale,
" My Zamor's ſigh is deep—his look is pale—
" I faint"—his arms receive her ſinking frame,
He calls his love by every tender name,
He ſtays her fleeting ſpirit—life anew
Warms her cold cheek—his tears her cheek bedew—
" Thy Zamor lives, he cried: as on the ground
" I ſenſeleſs lay, ſome child of pity bound
" My bleeding wounds, and bore me from the
" plain—
" But thou art loſt, and I have liv'd in vain."

" Forgive, ſhe cried, in accents of deſpair,
" Zamor forgive thy wrongs, and oh forbear
" The mild reproach that fills thy mournful eye,
" The tear that wets thy cheek—I mean to die!
" Could I behold my aged ſire endure
" The pains his wretched child had power to cure?
" Still, ſtill my father, ſtretch'd in death, I ſee,
" His grey locks trembling, as he gaz'd on me:
" My Zamor, ſoft—breathe not ſo loud a ſigh—
" Some liſt'ning foe may pityleſs deny
" This parting hour—hark, ſure ſome ſtep I hear,
" Zamor again is loſt—for now 'tis near"—
She paus'd, when ſudden from the ſhelt'ring wood
A venerable form before them ſtood:
" Fear not, ſoft maid, he cry'd, nor think I come
" To ſeal with deeper miſeries thy doom;

" To

" To bruiſe the breaking heart that ſorrow rends,
" Ah not for this Las Caſas hither bends—
" He comes to bid thoſe riſing ſorrows ceaſe,
" To pour upon thy wounds the balm of peace.
" I rov'd with dire Almagro's ruthleſs train
" Thro' ſcenes of death, to Chili's verdant plain;
" Their wiſh, to bathe that verdant plain in gore,
" Then from its boſom drag the golden ore;
" But mine, to check the ſtream of human blood,
" Or mingle drops of anguiſh with the flood.
" When from thoſe fair unconquer'd vales they fled,
" This frame was ſtretch'd upon the languid bed
" Of pale diſeaſe: when helpleſs, and alone,
" The Chileſe ſpy'd their friend, the murd'rers gone,
" With eager fondneſs round my couch they drew,
" And my cold hand with guſhing tears bedew;

" By day, they ſooth my pains with ſweet delight,
" And give to watchings the chill hours of night;
" For me their tender ſpirits joy to prove
" The cares of pity, and the toils of love.
" Soon as I heard, that o'er this gentle ſcene,
" Where peace and virtue mingled ſmile ſerene,
" The foe, like clouds that fold the tempeſt, hung,
" I hither flew, my breaſt with anguiſh wrung.
" A Chileſe band the pathleſs deſert trac'd,
" And ſoftly bore me o'er its dreary waſte;
" Then parting, at my feet they bend, and claſp
" Theſe aged knees — my ſoul yet feels their
" graſp.
" Now o'er the vale with painful ſtep I ſtray'd,
" And reach'd the ſhelt'ring grove: there, hapleſs
" maid,

" My

" My list'ning ear has caught thy piercing wail,
" My heart has trembled to thy moving tale."—
" And art thou he! the mournful pair exclaim,
" How dear to mis'ry's soul, Las Casas' name!
" Spirit benign, who every grief can share,
" Whose pity stoops to make the wretch its care;
" Weep not for us—in vain thy tear shall flow
" For hopeless anguish, and distracting woe"—
They ceas'd; in accents mild, the saint returns,
" Yet let me sooth the pains my bosom mourns:
" Come, gentle suff'rers, follow to yon fane,
" Where rests Alphonso, with his victor train;
" My voice shall urge his soul to gen'rous deeds,
" And bid him hear, when truth, and nature pleads."
While in soft tones, Las Casas thus expres't
His pious purpose, o'er Aciloe's breast

A dawning ray of cheering comfort ſtreams,
But faint the hope that on her ſpirit beams;
Faint, as when ebbing life muſt ſoon depart,
The pulſe that trembles, while it warms the heart.

Before Alphonſo now the lovers ſtand;
The aged ſuff'rer join'd the mournful band;
While with the look that guardian ſeraphs wear,
When ſent to calm the throbs of mortal care,
The ſtory of their woes Las Caſas told,
Then cry'd, "the wretched Zamor here behold—
"Hop'ſt thou, fond man, a paſſion to controul
"Fix'd in the breaſt, and woven in the ſoul?
"But know, miſtaken youth, thy power in vain
"Would bid thy victim in the nuptial chain:

"That

" That faithful heart will rend the galling tie,
" That heart will break, that tender form will die—
" Then by each ſacred name to nature dear;
" By her ſtrong ſhriek, her agonizing tear;
" By every horror bleeding paſſion knows,
" By the wild glance that ſpeaks her frantic woes;
" By all the waſting pangs that rend her breaſt,
" By the deep groan that gives her ſpirit reſt!
" Let mercy's pleading voice thy boſom move,
" And fear to burſt the bonds of plighted love"—
He paus'd—now Zamor's moan Alphonſo hears,
Now ſees the cheek of age bedew'd with tears:
Palid, and motionleſs, Aciloe ſtands,
Fix'd was her mournful eye, and claſp'd her hands;
Her heart was chill'd—her trembling heart, for there
Hope ſlowly ſinks in cold, and dark deſpair.

Alphonſo's ſoul was mov'd—" No more, he cried,
" My hapleſs flame ſhall hearts like yours divide.
" Live, tender ſpirit, ſoft Aciloe, live,
" And all the wrongs of mad'ning rage forgive.
" Go from this deſolated region far,
" Theſe plains, where av'rice ſpreads the waſte of war;
" Go, where pure pleaſures gild the peaceful ſcene,
" Go where mild virtue ſheds her ray ſerene."

In vain th' enraptur'd maid would now impart,
The riſing joy that ſwells, that pains her heart;
Las Caſas' feet in floods of tears ſhe ſteeps,
Looks on her ſire and ſmiles, then turns, and weeps;
Then ſmiles again, while her flufh'd cheek reveals
The mingled tumult of delight ſhe feels.

So

So fall the cryſtal ſhowers of fragrant ſpring,
And o'er the pure, clear ſky, ſoft ſhadows fling;
Then paint the drooping clouds from which they flow
With the warm colours of the lucid bow.
Now, o'er the barren deſert, Zamor leads
Aciloe, and her ſire, to Chili's meads:
There, many a wand'ring wretch, condemn'd to roam
By hard oppeſſion, found a ſhelt'ring home:
Zamor to pity, tun'd the vocal ſhell,
Bright'ning the tear of anguiſh, as it fell.
Did e'er the human boſom throb with pain
The heav'nly muſe has ſought to ſooth in vain?
She, who can ſtill with harmony its ſighs,
And wake the ſound, at which affliction dies;

Can bid the ſtormy paſſions backward roll,
And o'er their low-hung tempeſts lift the ſoul;
With magic touch paint nature's various ſcene
Wild on the mountain, in the vale ſerene:
Can tinge the breathing roſe with brighter bloom,
Or hang the ſombrous rock in deeper gloom;
Explore the gem, whoſe pure, reflected ray
Throws o'er the central cave a paler day;
Or ſoaring view the comet's fiery frame
Ruſh o'er the ſky, and fold the ſphere in flame;
While the charm'd ſpirit, as her accents move,
Is wrapt in wonder, or diſſolv'd in love.

# PERU.

## CANTO THE SIXTH.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The troops of* Almagro *and* Alphonſo *meet on the plains of Cuzco*—Manco-Capac *attacks them by night—his army is defeated, and he is forced to fly with its ſcattered remains*—Cora *goes in ſearch of him—her infant in her arms—overcome with fatigue, ſhe reſts at the foot of a mountain—an earthquake—a band of Indians fly to the mountains for ſhelter*—Cora *diſcovers her huſband—their interview—her death—he eſcapes with his infant*—Almagro *claims a ſhare of the ſpoils of Cuzco—his contention with* Pizarro—*the Spaniards deſtroy each other*—Almagro *is taken priſoner, and put to death—his ſoldiers, in revenge, aſſaſſinate* Pizarro *in his palace*—Las Caſas *dies*—Gaſca, *a Spaniſh eccleſiaſtic, arrives in* Peru—*inveſted with great power—his virtuous conduct—the annual feſtival of the Peruvians—their late victories over the Spaniards in Chili—a wiſh for the reſtoration of their liberty—the Poem concludes.*

# PERU.

## CANTO THE SIXTH.

AT length Almagro, and Alphonſo's train,
Each peril paſt, unite on Cuzco's plain:
*Capac*, who now beheld with anxious woe,
Th' increaſing numbers of the powerful foe,
Reſolves to pierce beneath the ſhroud of night
The hoſtile camp, and brave the vent'rous fight;

Tho'

Tho' weak the wrong'd Peruvians arrowy ſhowers,
To the dire weapons ſtern Iberia pours.
Fierce was th' unequal conteſt, for the ſoul
When rais'd by ſome high paſſion's ſtrong controul,
New ſtrings the nerves, and o'er the glowing frame
Breathes the warm ſpirit of heroic flame.

But from the ſcene where raging ſlaughter burns,
The timid muſe with pallid horror turns:
The ſounds of frantic woe ſhe panting hears,
Where anguiſh dims a mother's eye with tears;
Or where the maid, who gave to love's ſoft power
Her faithful ſpirit, weeps the parting hour:
And ah, till death ſhall eaſe the tender woe,
That ſoul muſt languiſh, and thoſe tears muſt flow;

For

For never with the thrill that rapture proves
Shall bleſs'd affection hail the form ſhe loves;
Her eager glance no more that form ſhall view,
Her quiv'ring lip has breath'd the laſt adieu!
Now night, that pour'd upon her hollow gale
The moan of death, withdrew her mournful veil;
The ſun roſe lovely from the ſleeping flood,
And morning glitter'd o'er the field of blood;
Where bath'd in gore, Peruvia's vanquiſh'd train
Lay cold and ſenſeleſs on the ſanguine plain.
Capac, their gen'rous chief, whoſe ardent ſoul
Had fought the rage of battle to controul,
Beheld with keen deſpair his warriors yield,
And fled indignant from the conquer'd field.
From Cuzco now a wretched throng repair,
Who tread mid' ſlaughter'd heaps in mute deſpair,

O'er

O'er ſome lov'd corſe the ſhroud of earth to ſpread,
And drop the ſacred tear that ſooths the dead:
No ſhriek was heard, for agony ſuppreſt
The fond complaints which eaſe the ſwelling breaſt:
Each hope for ever loſt, they only crave
The deep repoſe which wraps the ſhelt'ring grave.
So the meek Lama, lur'd by ſome decoy
Of man, from all his unembitter'd joy;
Ere while, as free as roves the wand'ring breeze,
Meets the hard burden on his bending knees *;

* The Lama's bend their knees and ſtoop their body in ſuch a manner as not to diſcompoſe their burden. They move with a ſlow but firm pace, in countries that are impracticable to other animals. They are neither diſpirited by faſting nor drudgery, while they have any ſtrength remaining; but, when they are totally exhauſted, or fall under their burden, it is to no purpoſe to harraſs and beat them: they will continue ſtriking their heads on the ground, firſt on one ſide, then on the other, till they kill themſelves.—*Abbé* Raynal's *Hiſtory of the European Settlements.*

O'er

O'er rocks, and mountains, dark, and waſte he goes,
Nor ſhuns the path where no ſoft herbage grows;
Till worn with toil, on earth he proſtrate lies,
Heeds not the barb'rous laſh, but patient dies.
Swift o'er the field of death ſad Cora flew,
Her infant to his mother's boſom grew;
She ſeeks her wretched lord, who fled the plain
With the laſt remnant of his vanquiſh'd train:
Thro' the lone vale, or foreſt's ſombrous ſhade
A dreary ſolitude, the mourner ſtray'd;
Her timid heart can now each danger dare,
Her drooping ſoul is arm'd by deep deſpair—
Long, long ſhe wander'd, till oppreſs'd with toil,
Her trembling footſteps track with blood the ſoil;
In vain with moans her diſtant lord ſhe calls,
In vain the bitter tear of anguiſh falls;

Her

Her moan expires along the desert wood,
Her tear is mingled with the crimson flood.

Where o'er an ample vale a mountain rose,
Low at its base her fainting form she throws;
" And here, my child, (she cried, with panting breath)
" Here let us wait the hour of ling'ring death:
" This famish'd bosom can no more supply
" The streams that nourish life, my babe must
" die!
" In vain I strive to cherish for thy sake
" My failing strength; but when my heart-strings
" break,
" When my chill'd bosom can no longer warm,
" My stiff'ning arms no more enfold thy form,
" Soft

" Soft on this bed of leaves my child ſhall ſleep,
" Cloſe to his mother's corſe he will not weep:
" Oh weep not then, my tender babe, tho' near,
" I ſhall not hear thy moan, nor ſee thy tear;
" Hope not to move me by thy piercing cry,
" Nor ſeek with ſearching look my anſwering
" eye."
As thus the dying Cora's plaints aroſe,
O'er the fair valley ſudden darkneſs throws
A hideous horror; thro' the wounded air
Howl'd the ſhrill voice of nature in deſpair;
The birds dart ſcreaming thro' the fluid ſky,
And, daſh'd upon the cliff's hard ſurface die;
High o'er their rocky bounds the billows ſwell,
Then to their deep abyſs affrighted fell;

Earth

Earth groaning heaves with dire convulsive throws,
While yawning gulphs her central caves discloſe:
Now ruſh'd a frighted throng with trembling pace
Along the vale, and ſought the mountain's baſe;
Purpos'd its perilous aſcent to gain,
And ſhun the ruin low'ring o'er the plain.
They reach'd the ſpot where Cora claſp'd her child,
And gaz'd on preſent death with aſpect mild;
They pitying paus'd—ſhe lifts her mournful eye,
And views her lord!—he hears his Cora's ſigh—
He meets her look—their melting ſouls unite,
O'erwhelm'd, and agoniz'd with wild delight—
At length ſhe faintly cried, "we yet muſt part!
"Short are theſe riſing joys—I feel my heart,

"My

" My ſuff'ring heart is cold, and miſts ariſe
" That ſhroud thy image from my cloſing eyes:
" Oh ſave my child!—our tender infant ſave,
" And ſhed a tear upon thy Cora's grave"—
The flutt'ring pulſe of life now ceas'd to play,
And in his arms a pallid corſe ſhe lay:
O'er her dear form he hung in ſpeechleſs pain,
And ſtill on Cora call'd, but call'd in vain;
Scarce could his ſoul in one ſhort moment bear
The wild extreme of tranſport, and deſpair.

Now o'er the weſt in melting ſoftneſs ſtreams
A luſtre, milder than the morning beams;
A purer dawn diſpell'd the fearful night,
And nature glow'd in all the blooms of light;

The birds awake the note that hails the day,
And ſpread their pinions in the purple ray;
A zone of gold the wave's ſtill boſom bound,
And beauty ſhed a placid ſmile around.
Then, firſt awaking from his mournful trance,
The wretched Capac caſt an eager glance
On his lov'd babe; th' unconſcious infant ſmil'd,
And ſhowers of ſofter ſorrow bath'd his child.
The hollow voice now ſounds in fancy's ear,
She ſees the dying look, the parting tear,
That ſought with anxious tenderneſs to ſave
That dear memorial from the cloſing grave:
He claſps the object of his love's laſt care,
And vows for him the load of life to bear;
To rear the bloſſom of a faded flower,
And bid remembrance ſooth each ling'ring hour.

He journey'd o'er a dreary length of way,
To plains where freedom ſhed her hallow'd ray;
O'er many a pathleſs wood, and mountain hoar,
To that fair clime her lifeleſs form he bore.
Ye who ne'er ſuffer'd paſſions hopeleſs pain,
Deem not the toil that ſooths its anguiſh vain;
Its fondneſs to the mould'ring corſe extends,
Its faithful tear with the cold aſhes blends.
Perchance, the conſcious ſpirit of the dead
Numbers the drops affection loves to ſhed;
Perchance a ſigh of holy pity gives
To the ſad boſom, where its image lives.
Oh nature! ſure thy ſympathetic ties
Shall o'er the ruins of the grave ariſe;
Undying ſpring from the relentleſs tomb,
And ſhed, in ſcenes of love, a laſting bloom.

Not long Iberia's ſullied trophies wave,
Her guilty warriors preſs th' untimely grave;
For av'rice, riſing from the caves of earth,
Wakes all her ſavage ſpirit into birth;
Bids proud Almagro feel her baleful flame,
And Cuzco's treaſures from Pizarro claim:
Pizarro holds the rich alluring prize,
With firmer graſp, the fires of diſcord riſe.
Now fierce in hoſtile rage, each warlike train
Purple with iſſuing gore Peruvia's plain;
There, breathing hate, and vengeful death they ſtood,
And bath'd their impious hands in kindred blood;
While penſive on each hill, whoſe lofty brow
O'erhung with ſable woods the vale below;
Peruvia's hapleſs tribes in ſcatter'd throngs,
Beheld the fiends of ſtriſe avenge their wrongs.

Now

Now conqueſt, bending on her crimſon wings,
Her ſanguine laurel to Pizarro brings;
While bound, and trembling in her iron chain,
Almagro ſwells the victor's captive train.
In vain his pleading voice, his ſuppliant eye,
Conjure his conqu'ror, by the holy tie
That ſeal'd their mutual league with ſacred force,
When firſt to climes unknown they bent their courſe;
When danger's riſing horrors lowr'd afar,
The ſtorms of ocean, and the toils of war,
The ſad remains of waſted life to ſpare,
The ſhrivell'd boſom, and the ſilver'd hair:—
But vainly from his lips theſe accents part,
Nor move Pizarro's cold, relentleſs heart,
That never trembled to the ſuff'rer's ſigh,
Or view'd the ſuff'rer's tear with melting eye.

Almagro dies—the victor's ſavage pride
To his pale corſe funereal rites denied.
Chill'd by the heavy dews of night it lay,
And wither'd in the ſultry beam of day,
Till Indian boſoms, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
In the pale form forgot the tyrant foe;
The laſt ſad duties to his aſhes paid,
And ſooth'd with pity's tear the hov'ring ſhade.
With unrelenting hate the conqu'ror views
Almagro's band, and vengeance ſtill purſues;
Condemns the victims of his power to ſtray
In drooping poverty's chill, thorny way;
To pine with famine's agony ſevere,
And all the ling'ring forms of death to fear;
Till by deſpair impell'd, the rival train
Ruſh to the haughty victor's glitt'ring fane;

Swift on their foe with rage impetuous dart,
And plunge their daggers in his guilty heart.
How unavailing now the treaſur'd ore
That made Peruvia's rifled boſom poor?
He falls—no mourner near to breathe a ſigh,
Catch the laſt breath, and cloſe the languid eye;
Deſerted, and refus'd the holy tear
That warm affection ſheds o'er virtue's bier;
Denied thoſe drops that ſtay the parting breath,
That ſooth the ſpirit on the verge of death;
Tho' now the pale expiring form would buy
With Andes' glitt'ring mines, one faithful ſigh!

Now faint with virtue's toil, Las Caſas' ſoul
Sought with exulting hope, her heav'nly goal:

A bending angel conſecrates his tears,
And leads his kindred mind to purer ſpheres.
But, ah! whence pours that ſtream of lambent light,
That ſoft-deſcending on the raptur'd ſight,
Gilds the dark horrors of the raging ſtorm—
It lights on earth—mild viſion! gentle form—
'Tis Senſibility! ſhe ſtands confeſt,
With trembling ſtep ſhe moves, and panting breaſt;
Wav'd by the gentle breath of paſſing ſighs
Looſe in the air her robe expanded flies;
Wet with the dew of tears her ſoft veil ſtreams,
And in her eye the ray of pity beams;
No vivid roſes her mild cheek illume,
Sorrow's wan touch has chas'd the purple bloom:
Yet ling'ring there in tender, penſive grace,
The ſofter lily fills the vacant place;

And ever as her precious tears bedew
Its modeſt flowers, they ſhed a paler hue.
To yon deſerted grave, lo ſwift ſhe flies
Where her lov'd victim, mild Las Caſas lies:
Light on the hallow'd turf I ſee her ſtand,
And ſlowly wave in air her ſnowy wand;
I ſee her deck the ſolitary haunt,
With chaplets twin'd from every weeping plant.
Its odours mild the ſimple vi'let ſhed,
The ſhrinking lily hung its drooping head;
A moaning zephyr ſigh'd within the bower,
And bent the yielding ſtem of every flower:
" Hither (ſhe cried, her melting tone I hear
" It vibrates full on fancy's raptur'd ear)
" Ye gentle ſpirits whom my ſoul refines,
" Where all its animating luſtre ſhines;

" Ye who can exquiſitely feel the glow
" Whoſe ſoft ſuffuſion gilds the cloud of woe;
" Warm as the colours varying Iris pours
" That tinge with ſtreaming rays the chilling
" ſhowers;
" Ye to whoſe yielding hearts my power endears
" The tranſport blended with delicious tears,
" The bliſs that ſwells to agony the breaſt,
" The ſympathy that robs the ſoul of reſt;
" Hither with fond devotion penſive come,
" Kiſs the pale ſhrine, and mumur o'er the tomb;
" Bend on the hallow'd turf the tear-full eye
" And breathe the precious incenſe of a ſigh.
" Las Caſas' tear has moiſten'd mis'ry's grave,
" His ſigh has moan'd the wretch it fail'd to
" ſave!

" He,

" He, while conflicting pangs his boſom tear
" Has ſought the lonely cavern of deſpair;
" Where deſolate ſhe fled, and pour'd her thought,
" To the dread verge of wild diſtraction wrought.
" While drops of mercy bath'd his hoary cheek,
" He pour'd by heav'n inſpir'd its accents meek;
" In truth's clear mirror bade the mourner's view
" Pierce the deep veil which darkling error drew;
" And vanquiſh'd empire with a ſmile reſign,
" While brighter worlds in fair perſpective ſhine."—
She paus'd—yet ſtill the ſweet enthuſiaſt bends
O'er the cold turf, and ſtill her tear deſcends;
The ever-falling tears her beauties ſhroud,
Till ſlow ſhe vaniſh'd in a fleecy cloud.

Mild Gaſca now, the meſſenger of peace,
Suſpends the ſtorm, and bids the tumult ceaſe.
Pure ſpirit! in Religion's garb he came,
And all his boſom felt her holy flame;
'Twas then her vot'ries glory, and their care
To bid oppreſſion's harpy talons ſpare;
To bend the crimſon banner he unfurl'd,
And ſhelter from his graſp a ſuff'ring world:
Gaſca, the guardian miniſter of woe,
Bids o'er her wounds the balms of comfort flow.
While rich Potoſi* rolls the copious tide
Of wealth, unbounded as the wiſh of pride;
His pure, unſullied ſoul with high diſdain
For virtue ſpurns the faſcinating bane;

* See a delightful repreſentation of the incorruptible integrity of this Spaniard in Robertſon's Hiſtory of America.

Her

Her ſeraph form can ſtill his breaſt allure
Tho' dreſt in weeds, ſhe triumph'd to be poor—
Hopeleſs ambition's murders to reſtrain,
And virtue's wrongs, he ſought Iberia's plain,
Without one mean reſerve he nobly brings
A maſſive treaſure, yet unknown to kings:
No purple pomp around his dome was ſpread
No gilded roofs hung glitt'ring o'er his head;
Yet peace with milder radiance deck'd his bower,
And crown'd with dearer joy life's evening hour;
While virtue whiſper'd to his conſcious heart
The ſweet reflexion of its high deſert.

Ah, meek Peruvia, ſtill thy murmur'd ſighs
Thy ſtifled groans in fancy's ear ariſe;

Sadd'ning

Sadd'ning ſhe views thy deſolated ſoul,
As ſlow the circling years of bondage roll,
Redeem from tyranny's oppreſſive power
With fond affection's force, one ſacred hour,
And conſecrate its fleeting, precious ſpace,
The dear remembrance of the paſt to trace.
Call from her bed of duſt joy's buried ſhade;
She ſmiles in mem'ry's lucid robes array'd,
O'er thy creative ſcene * majeſtic moves,
And wakes each mild delight thy fancy loves.
But ſoon the image of thy wrongs in clouds
The fair and tranſient ray of pleaſure ſhrouds;

* "O'er thy creative ſcene." The Peruvians have ſolemn days on which they aſſume their ancient dreſs. Some among them repreſent a tragedy, the ſubject of which is the death of Atabalipa. The audience, who begin with ſhedding tears, are afterwards tranſported into a kind of madneſs. It ſeldom happens in theſe feſtivals, but that ſome Spaniard is ſlain.—*Abbé* Raynal's *Hiſtory*.

Far

Far other viſions melt thy mournful eye,
And wake the guſhing tear, th' indignant ſigh;
There Ataliba's ſacred, murder'd form,
Sinks in the billow of oppreſſion's ſtorm;
Wild o'er the ſcene of death thy glances roll,
And pangs tumultuous ſwell thy troubled ſoul;
Thy boſom burns, diſtraction ſpreads her flames,
And from the tyrant foe her victim claims.

But, lo! where burſting deſolation's night,
A ſudden ray of glory cheers my ſight;
From my fond eye the tear of rapture flows,
My heart with pure delight exulting glows:
A blooming chief of India's royal race,
Whoſe ſoaring ſoul, its high deſcent can trace,

The flag of freedom rears on Chili's * plain,
And leads to glorious ſtrife his gen'rous train:
And ſee Iberia bleeds! while vict'ry twines
Her faireſt bloſſoms round Peruvia's ſhrines;
The gaping wounds of earth diſcloſe no more
The lucid ſilver, and the glowing ore;
A brighter glory gilds the paſſing hour,
While freedom breaks the rod of lawleſs power:
Lo on the Andes' icy ſteep ſhe glows,
And prints with rapid ſtep th' eternal ſnows;
Or moves majeſtic o'er the deſart plain,
And eloquently pours her potent ſtrain.

* "On Chili's plain."—An Indian deſcended from the Inca's, has lately obtained ſeveral victories over the Spaniards, the gold mines have been for ſome time ſhut up; and there is much reaſon to hope, that theſe injured nations may recover the liberty of which they have been ſo cruelly deprived.

Still

Still may that ſtrain the patriot's ſoul inſpire,
And ſtill this injur'd race her ſpirit fire.
O Freedom, may thy genius ſtill aſcend,
Beneath thy creſt may proud Iberia bend;
While roll'd in duſt thy graceful feet beneath,
Fades the dark laurel of her ſanguine wreath;
Bend her red trophies, tear her victor plume,
And cloſe inſatiate ſlaughter's yawning tomb.
Again on ſoft Peruvia's fragrant breaſt
May beauty bloſſom, and may pleaſure reſt.
Peru, the muſe that vainly mourn'd thy woes,
Whom pity robb'd ſo long of dear repoſe;
The muſe, whoſe penſive ſoul with anguiſh wrung
Her early lyre for thee has trembling ſtrung;
Shed the weak tear, and breath'd the powerleſs ſigh,
Which ſoon in cold oblivion's ſhade muſt die;

Pants

Pants with the wiſh thy deeds may riſe to fame,
Bright on ſome living harp's immortal frame!
While on the ſtring of extaſy, it pours
Thy future triumphs o'er unnumber'd ſhores.

DUNCAN,

# DUNCAN,

## AN ODE.

# DUNCAN,

## AN ODE.

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I.

ABASH'D the rebel ſquadrons yield—
Macbeth, the victor of the field,
Exulting, paſt the blaſted wild;
And where his dark o'erhanging towers
Frown on the heath, with pleaſures mild
Now Duncan haſtes to wing the hours—

Sweet

Sweet are the roſy beams that chaſe
The angry tempeſt from the ſky;
When winds have ſhook the mountain's baſe,
Sweet is the Zephyr's balmy ſigh;
But ſweeter to the breaſt the ſocial charms
Whoſe grateful rapture ſooths the toil of arms.

II.

'Twas not the ſeaſon when the ſtorm,
Of winter wears its ſavage form;
Black'ning all the frozen north
Wildly ſpreads its awful wings,
From yon bare ſummit ruſhes forth
And on that barren deſart, flings

All

All the rapid torrents might,
When with turbulence they ſweep,
Mingling, with the winds of night,
Sounds majeſtically deep—
When nature form'd the hideous waſte, ſhe frown'd,
And gave to horror its deſerted bound.

III.

'Twas not the hour when magic ſpells
Rock the heath's untrodden cells;
When ſlow the wither'd forms ariſe
From caves, which night with laſting ſway,
Ever ſhrouds from mortal eyes,
Nor divides one hour with day—

Sounds

Sounds unmeet for mortal ear
Chill with dread the human frame;
Then unreal ſhapes appear
By the blue unhallow'd flame—
Diſcordance ſtrange, diſturbs the gentle air,
And pois'nous taints the thick'ning breezes bear.

IV.

The weſtern ſun's departing ray
Bright on the lofty turrents lay,
That threw the ſhadow's length'ning line
At ſolemn diſtance far below;
And where the gather'd clouds, recline
On yon dark cliff's terrific brow;

There

There ſtood a venerable ſeer,
Whoſe prophetic ſoul could trace
Diſtant ages haſt'ning near,
And all that fill'd the unborn ſpace—
The prophet gaz'd, with ſudden frenzy fir'd,
Saw deeds undone, and ſpoke with lips inſpir'd.

V.

" Hail Scotia's monarch! greatly brave,
" Skill'd to conquer, charm'd to ſave!
" Whoſe pitying hand inverts the lance,
" And meekly drops the ſlacken'd bow;
" Whoſe gracious eye with mercy's glance
" Has ever gaz'd on human woe!—

" Macbeth, the caſtle gate unbar,
" Macbeth, prepare the ſocial board—
" Haſte, from rugged toils of war,
" Haſte, and hail thy ſov'reign lord!—
" With muſic be the genial banquet crown'd,
" And bid thy vaulted roofs with joy rebound.

VI.

Ha!—dread viſions hang in air!—
I ſee a bloody dagger glare—
Deeds that aſk the gloom of night
Are imag'd in yon troubled ſky—
Now a gleam of fatal light
Flaſhes on my aching eye!

Duncan,

Duncan, ſhun that conſcious tower—
Fiends the ſocial banquet pile!—
Murder waits the midnight hour,
Murder lurks in beauty's ſmile!
Vain my prophetic voice!—he hies away
Where, ſcowling o'er the couch, death calls his prey.—

VII.

"Sacred victim! bath'd in gore,
"Haunt the hideous ſcene no more—
"Reſt, unquiet ſpirit, reſt!
"Great revenge the heavens prepare;
"View thy murd'rer's tortur'd breaſt,
"And pity all that labours there!

" See the look, and hear the groan,
" Mark a bleeding ſoul in pain!
" Reaſon trembles on her throne,
" Furies ſeize the burning brain—
" Unpitied, and accurſt ſhall be his doom,
" While riſing honors flouriſh round thy tomb.

## VIII.

" Thy mem'ry ſhall for ever laſt,
" And fame untir'd, repeat the paſt—
" Deep in the myſtic clouds of time
" I ſee a poet call'd to birth—
" I hear a lyre, whoſe force ſublime
" With wonder thrills the liſtning earth!

" The

" The mighty bard, with " potent art"
" Shall nature's perfect ſemblance give,
" Unlock the ſprings that move the heart,
" And bid the human paſſions live—
" Still in his heav'n taught page ſhall Duncan bleed,
" And future ages tremble as they read!

THE END.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

12/101